

The Fire Within the Heart

by Xbalanque

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Summary: Hiccup has always felt alone on Berk. Hard not to when everyone seems to wish you'd disappear. That is, until the one who goes by the name Blade arrives. Deadly with every type of blade, mysterious, quick-minded...and no memory of who he is or where he came from. When he approaches and befriends Hiccup, life gets a whole lot different for them both. More so when a dragon joins in..

1. The Fire Within The Heart

**Welcome to the first chapter of my first story here on Fanfiction! I'm hoping it will be enjoyable and in some way even unique, but feel free to let me know what needs improving if something stands out to you. Not much to say here, as even I don't know where this story will end. I'm hoping it will end a little after the first movie, but with that 5 year gap between films I have a lot of room to improvise further. Anyway, hope you enjoy my first attempt at a fanfiction story. Here goes nothing! (First chapter is more of a prologue, though you'll notice it's important as the story progresses)

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Chapter One

The Fire Within the Heart

There were no normal days on Berk. There were days where not much happened, and there were days when it seemed that everything happened. Problem was, there was no consistency. There could be a day where all was calm and lazy, and then the next day your panicking over an alleged dragon sighting. Or you could be peacefully honing your fighting technique, and the next day the forge that you brought your weapon to explodes for one reason or another. So really, normal didn't even seem to be a possibility on this island. Every day was different, bringing fortunes that ranged from 'great' to 'all hope is lost'. Life here was never boring. Of course, when you confine a

number of bull-headed vikings to a small island that constantly finds itself raided by giant fire-breathing lizards, how could it be?

This particular day on the island of Berk was lively, though only moderately as one would observe. The villagers still had a bit of a mess from a dragon raid two nights before, though it wasn't so bad. The vikings had become quite efficient at tidying up, with nearly three hundred years of it under their belts. It also helped that the dragons didn't normally do much damage. Sure, they would destroy a house or two on their quest to locate the sheep or yaks that the Berkians tried so desperately to hide, but that was usually it. What _didn't_ help was that the villagers always tried a different hiding spot, which would lead the dragons to a different part of the village and consequently cause it to be damaged. Needless to say, every single part of the village had felt some fiery wrath at one point or another. The buildings were usually back up by the end of the next day though, and the following day after that just left some minor debris clean up that five villagers could tackle on their own. That was basically all that was happening today. Five villagers were cleaning up singed wood, and the rest were going about their daily business. The blacksmith was in the forge, banging away at bent swords in an attempt to salvage and save the blades. After a dragon raid, the forge was usually loaded with weapons that needed sharpening or repaired. Unfortunately, some were too far damaged to be salvaged, and therefore had to be replaced. With the amount of raids Berk experienced, the forge had essentially become the most important building on the island. Thankfully, the island had quite a talented blacksmith. His name is Gobber, and he is known in the village as an expert blacksmith, a heavy drinker of mead, and most notably as Chief Stoick's best friend and main source of advice. Why the mighty Chief of Berk took advice from this man is unknown, though some assume he's much wiser than he presents himself to be, even if this thought was mainly to reassure themselves. Nobody in Berk would ever dare to question Chief Stoick anyway, for fear of being turned inside out and thrown down a dragons throat.

Chief Stoick was the greatest Chief Berk had ever seen, and quite possibly the best it'll ever see again. This man was as big as a mountain, tougher than a boulder, stronger than a dragon, and generous as a person could be. Of course, Stoick's generosity was not presented with kind words or small deeds. It was presented in how he ran the village, and what he would do for it and the people who lived there. Stoick's time had always been taken up with either directly protecting the village in an attack, or planning out every detail in how his island was going to keep on surviving. He was a man with time for no one, but a man who helped every one. He would die for his village. For his people. And they knew this, and were grateful for it.

In the event that he should die, or that he should retire as Chief, one would think Stoick had shaped a strong young heir to take his place. Well, one would be right for thinking it, though they'd be wrong for believing it. Up in the highest, biggest house in the village sat a young fourteen year old boy. He was a scrawny boy, being a little bigger than the portion size of dinner for a regular viking. He had auburn colored hair, and the most amazing green eyes that nobody ever noticed. The boy's name is Hiccup, and that is just what he was. It's viking tradition to call the runt of the litter a 'Hiccup', and Hiccup was the runtiest of them all. Hiccup was constantly getting in the way of the other vikings, usually with some

new invention that would never work properly. Though, one of them might if he had a chance to fix the issue before an angry viking destroyed his hard work out of frustration. As a matter of fact, Hiccup was at his desk in his room, drawing up new plans for an invention he called the 'bola shot'. It was odd for a viking in Berk to hope for a dragon raid, but Hiccup did. Not for the death and destruction that a raid would bring, but because he thought it was the only way to prove to the village that he was worth something. That he too, the runt of the village, the screw up, could be a viking. Hiccup had believed there was a fire within his heart that was ready to burst free, and he would show his worth by killing a dragon. Though after fourteen years of being shunned by everyone, fourteen years of failure to prove his worth, Hiccup was starting to think that fire was just the searing pain of feeling misplaced where he should belong. Sometimes he wonders how a man as amazing as Stoick, could have a son as useless as him. Their relationship consisted of Stoick yelling at Hiccup after an accident caused by the latter, and rare nights together at their house where neither would say more than two words to each other. The only way Hiccup had any interaction with people was through Gobber the blacksmith, to whom Hiccup was an apprentice. Gobber was the closest thing to a friend that Hiccup had in his life, mainly just because Gobber would talk to him. Sometimes when he was at the forge, he almost felt...normal. Like for once, something was going well for him. But all that would dissipate again once he made another mistake, nearly blowing up the forge or ruining a weapon and creating more work. Hiccup always wondered about his mother, having never met her. She was carried off by a dragon when he was a baby and was never seen again. He sometimes wonders if she would have accepted him, but he tries not to. There's an equal chance she'd just be another viking wishing he'd turned out different. Plus, thinking that the only person who might have showed love for him was carried off before he knew them wasn't the most uplifting thought he could conjure up.

The island of Berk had other teens that were Hiccup's age, though they weren't his friends. Still, he knew them all. He would observe them sometimes, and even imagine that he was a part of them. It wasn't anything like having real friends, but he felt it was as close as he would ever get. He knew Fishlegs, the largest of the other teens, but yet the most timid. He seemed to have more intelligence than your average viking, always spitting out facts about everything he could. He knew the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. They were always arguing with each other and seemed to jump at the opportunity to partake in something that could very well kill them. He knew Snotlout all too well. His cousin who would constantly bully him about his size and lack of any skills that were of use to the village. And finally, he knew Astrid. He didn't know her very well, but it was enough to see that she was the perfect viking. She was a walking example of what a viking should be, with her bravery, toughness, and undeniable stubbornness. Add that to the fact that she somehow was blessed by the gods with astounding beauty, and you have a viking girl that every guy on Berk wants. Hiccup has had a crush on her since the first time he saw her many years ago, though he knew he had as much of a chance with her as he did of becoming great like his father.

Hiccup's life had been this way for fourteen years. Lonely, depressing, and utterly disappointing. He wished every night that things would somehow change. That he would wake up and either the village or himself would be different, and he would be accepted with

open arms. He wouldn't even need an apology from anyone, he just needed to feel wanted by someone. Even if it was just one person. But Hiccup was losing hope. It hadn't happened yet, so why would it happen today? Or tomorrow? Or...ever? When Hiccup crawled in to his bed that night, he sent no prayer to the Gods. He just shut his eyes, and closed himself off from the rest of the world. His hope would never die, but his determination was diminishing by the day. Before he fell asleep, he thought of his latest invention. He thought of what could go wrong, and what probably would go wrong. But not once, did Hiccup think that this could be the invention that changed his whole world.

****So, first chapter done. More or less a little prologue for the story, as it introduces the characters (even though you already pretty much know them). I wanted to sort of emphasize how lost and close to hopeless that Hiccup is. He's worse off in this story than he is in the movie, and I wanted to display that here, so that I don't need to keep mentioning that his life blows. It explains his current life now, so that later on you already know how he feels, so you sort of feel what he goes through rather than just reading about it. We'll see how that works out I guess.****

****Please review if you have anything you'd like to say. It ended up being different from how I wanted, but it's going to be a darker story, so I decided the writing should be a little 'upbeat' to keep the feel of the story balanced. But, I'm not an experienced writer by any means, so any tips or anything would be appreciated. If there was something you liked then feel free to let me know as well, I'm sure I'll like reading that :) It is just the beginning of a bigger, greater story though, so it will pick up and have it's fair share of twists and memorable moments, just you wait!****

2. Washed Ashore

****Wow, you never understand why other authors on here have a hard time updating in decent time until you actually are one of them. This story will be completed though, and I'm already feeling a sequel or two coming on with how I'm going to develop these characters. It's getting me excited to be honest. Anyway, this chapter gives you a bit more insight into Hiccup's life, as well as the life of a certain other young viking. We also have the first problem of our story making an appearance here, so I'm hoping it's a good chapter. I hope it gets you waiting on Chapter 3 ;) ****

Chapter 2

Washed Ashore

Hiccup had a habit of rising before the sun. He wasn't sure why, but he definitely had no reason to complain about it. Being the first person awake in the entire village gave Hiccup the chance to get a head start on whatever his plans for that day were, all the while avoiding the other vikings. Most importantly however, it allowed him to sneak out before his father woke up. It's not that Stoick wasn't a morning person, it's just that Hiccup couldn't imagine how it could be anything other than awkward if they were to bump in to each other. That's how it always was when the two were alone together. They barely talk, and when they do it feels overly formal and fake. Hiccup knew his father tried. Well, tried to try at least. Stoick was very

well aware that his son felt like a useless disgrace to the village, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't couldn't bring himself to completely disagree. He wouldn't go so far as to say Hiccup was a 'useless disgrace', because to him he wasn't. However, to the village, his son wasn't exactly a thriving member of the community and tended to cause more trouble than anything else. And Stoick knew Hiccup tried too, though to him it was in all the wrong ways. He thought his son had given up on being a true viking, and instead tried shortcuts like his inventions to just try and pass as one. But there is no shortcut to becoming a viking, and there is no way to just pass off as one either. They both knew the other was trying, but in completely opposite ways. Therefore their encounters were brief and very tense, each dreading the time when the other would push a clashing idea ahead and cause the thin thread holding their relationship to snap. Neither of them wanted it to be this way, but there was much more than a difference in height keeping the two from seeing eye-to-eye. One couldn't find the words to describe how he wanted his son to change, and the other couldn't find the words to describe how he can't change. However, through all the confusion, disappointment, and clouded emotion, they each felt for each other. Hiccup was aware that losing his mom was difficult for his father, and it reflected his treatment of him. The parenting job was never meant for Stoick. He was the Chief of a viking village. However, he had no choice after the night his beloved was snatched up in the claws of a devil. He knows that if she were here, she would be the link that the father and son needed. But fate doesn't always have to play fair, and for the Haddock family, it seemingly never chose to.

Hiccup heard his fathers snoring as he traversed down the stairs from his room. He was always amazed at how quiet his fathers snore was, and if their relationship were normal he'd tease the massive man for snoring like a kitten. He shakes the slightly depressing thought from his head as he grabs his fur vest and heads towards the door. He never bothered with breakfast. In fact, sometimes the only meal he ate was dinner, which could admittedly contribute to his consistently skinny size. He opens the door and walks out in to the early morning air. It was chilly, as always, and the air had a cool moisture to it as apparent by the dew residing on every blade of grass. The Chiefs house was positioned slightly higher than the mead hall, though Hiccup decided it really depended on what angle you were looking at it from, on the Northern-most side of the village atop a hill. The village itself had a near-organized look, even though it was mainly just buildings placed around the bottom of the hill wherever they'll fit. They left room for a village square at the very base of the hill however, mostly to be used as a social gathering place. The forge, which was Hiccups current destination, was the second building on the right when coming down the hill. Hiccup was thankful for the close proximity, as he was able to get there quickly and easily in the morning. Gobber didn't allow Hiccup to light the forge, or do any metal work without himself being there to supervise. He did however, allow him access to the back room of the building whenever he desired. Hiccup had turned this room in to a sort of sanctuary for himself. The doorway was kind of small, which made it difficult for the larger vikings to enter. This caused them to typically stay away and gave Hiccup peace to work alone. Today, he was finally going to assemble the new invention he'd been planning. This device would fire bolas at blazing speeds in to the sky to catch dragons during raids. Hiccup decided it was easier than just throwing them, and it was also more accurate. He was kind of hoping it would be successful and

eventually catch on. They could place these 'bola shots' around the village and have vikings shoot down dragons with greater proficiency. That is, of course, _if _it was successful.

Hiccup entered his small room and took a quick look around to ensure everything was accounted for. The room itself wasn't much. There was a desk against the wall, a chair, and a wooden bench. Scattered on the wall above the desk were various plans for inventions that Hiccup had come up with. These plans either weren't complete yet, or they were just waiting for Hiccup to finally assemble and test them. He walked over to his desk and pulled out his book. He opened the book to a page that was marked by a folded piece of paper, and pulled out his charcoal stick. The book acted as a journal for Hiccup, containing most of his innermost thoughts and feelings. This book was always with him. Always. He made sure that the charcoal was in good condition before he began writing.

Well, today is the day I finally assemble my latest invention. I call this one the bola shot. Pretty basic name, I know. But it definitely isn't a basic device, did you notice how long it took to design? Turn back the pages covering the last few weeks and you'll see. As I've said before, I already have all of the parts back here in my room. Gobber won't let me use the forge on my own, so I've had to stay later than usual a few times to make all of the metal parts. If I planned everything out correctly (which I hope to the Gods I did), then this should take a few hours to assemble and then it will work perfectly! Sure, I might experience a mild calibration issue or something, but nothing I'll need to make a new part for. I'm really hoping this works. I'll need to sneak out during the next dragon raid, which means I had better take out SOMETHING or I'm going to be in all kinds of trouble. Even just a Gronckle would make people at least start believing in me. And can you imagine what this invention could do for the village? I could go from Hiccup the Useless to Hiccup the Inventor, creating the very best in dragon raid defences! It's all about the next raid. Whether this thing works or not, something big is going to happen...I can just feel it.'

Hiccup put the charcoal down and went straight to work assembling the bola shot device. He was concentrating so hard that he didn't notice Gobber enter the forge. He didn't notice the viking village begin to wake up and go about the day. He didn't notice the loud bangs and the screeching friction as Gobber repaired a double-sided battle axe. And he definitely didn't notice the blonde viking leaning against a table, skeptically observing Hiccup through the slightly open door of the back room.

* * *

><p>As soon as the sun tipped on the horizon, Astrid was out of bed and ready to train. Some would say that he trained too much, and devoted too much time to mastering the art of battle. Not to her face of course, as the village learned a while ago not to question Astrids rigorous habits. She was the most promising of all the young vikings, having to spar against the adults due to her skill being too great for the ones her own age. She wasn't actually anything to sing to the Gods about to be honest, she just put in the time. If some of the other teens her age would step it up and train a decent amount then they'd have a group of promising vikings, rather than just her. She'd never let them get better than her though, if that were a possibility. Even with a regular training schedule, one would find it

near impossible to keep up with Astrids constant training. When she wasn't training, she was eating or sleeping. Maybe attending some event at the Great Hall, but she was known to have skipped one or two of those even. Astrid had to be the best. She had to outshine every one of her competitors. Some might think this was quite selfish, that Astrid was a sore loser who had to have it all. In reality, Astrid wasn't doing it entirely for herself. She was a Hofferson, and anyone who lived on Berk knew that the family had a larger amount of shame to their name than most. The biggest issue was Astrids father, Gunn Hofferson. Astrid was born only a short time before he was banished from returning to Berk, something about being unfaithful to her mother. Gunn was Berks trader, sailing his ship to and from neighboring islands with orders from Stoick on what to bring and what to get. Apparently, as far as Astrid knew, temptation got the better of him and he met some other women. He was eventually found out, and while that might be tolerated in some places, it was a huge crime in Stoick the Vast's village. If you weren't faithful to your spouse, and didn't realize how lucky you were to have them, then you had no place on Berk. It was out of the control of Astrids mother, but it still impacted how the village viewed the Hofferson family. Broken, betrayed, and abandoned by the man of the family. The village was still friendly to them, but the thought would always be lingering. Astrid made it her goal to change that. She trained hard to be the best so that her family would rise above her father and what he did to them. She kept perfect reputation and would never let it slip, even if it killed her.<p>

Astrid grabbed her double-sided battle axe and walked out of her house. Her relationship with her mother wasn't exactly strained, but they were both always very busy. Her mother was now both household leaders, and did most of the work, but she still managed to have time for Astrid when she had time for her. Astrid loved her mother very much, which made her even more determined to show the village what a perfect viking she could raise. She swung her axe lazily but still well coordinated as she walked in to the forest. She chose a different spot to train nearly everyday, as the change of scenery seemed to slightly lessen the repetitiveness. She would start with her swing, always trying to have full control to switch from quick attacks to heavy blows on a whim. Next would come her dodging techniques. Agility was key in any battle when you were a smaller viking, and Astrid was sure to keep her speed and various tumble rolls at top notch. Lastly, she threw her axe at trees. Normally, you would never throw away your only weapon, but she figured she'd train to be great at it anyway. You never know when a good axe throw could come in handy. When she started this particular exercise, she could barely throw the axe five feet, and if it hit the tree it would never stick in. However, after a few years of doing it, she could now throw the axe from about twenty feet and still have it sometimes stick in the tree. With a weapon as heavy as an axe, a twenty foot throwing distance was jaw dropping for a fourteen year old girl. Astrid threw her axe one more time and managed to lodge it in the tree, though only by a couple inches. She pulled it out of the tree with one hand and inspected it.

"I went really hard on you today, didn't I?" She said, tracing the edge with her ocean blue eyes. "Guess I'd better get you sharpened back up, more training to do later on today." Astrid decided while turning to head to the forge.

She had a habit of talking to her axe sometimes. Not like it was a

friend or anything, but she'd make out loud observations to it as if it could hear her. She probably said more words to the weapon than she did to actual people. She interacted with the other teens her age sometimes, though that could mainly be because she was on fire duty with them during dragon raids. They all seemed pretty eager to talk to her, and she'd never ignore them while they were together, but she just didn't think she had the time to spend on hanging out. Plus the Chiefs nephew, Snotlout, would always say something flirtatious to her. She thought she might actually be flattered if he wasn't such an underachieving jerk. Sure he had decent fighting skills, but he thought his talent was natural and that he didn't have to work for it. Astrid didn't have the extra time for someone like that.

She arrived at the forge, axe in hand, and found that Gobber had just finished lighting it all up. He was in later than he usually was, but with the pile of work from the last raid being only just finished yesterday, he deserved the rest. She walked up to him with a small smile on her face, something that was too rare of a sight for someone like her. She had always liked Gobber. He was goofy, but he held a lot of heartfelt wisdom that he would give at the right times. His personality was just so likeable that Astrid always enjoyed seeing him whenever she needed her axe taken care of. Gobber heard her walking up behind him and turned around to face her.

"Ah, Astrid! 'Tis good to see ya this mornin'." He said happily, smile revealing his fake tooth.

Actually, his tooth wasn't the only fake body part he had. Apart from being the blacksmith, Gobber was also known for having the most artificial limbs. He had lost his left arm, and his right leg to dragons, and now had wooden replacements for each. His new left hand was actually interchangeable, and could have things like hammers and axes attached to it to allow it to still be of use. Astrid thought that was absolutely genius.

"It's always nice to see you too, Gobber." Astrid said, smile still tugging at her lips.

"What can I do ya fer today? You get the honor of being my first customer this mornin'." Gobber announced while turning to his table with all of the attachments for his hand.

Astrid held up her axe to Gobber and he immediately saw what it needed. The blade had been worn out and was on the brink of being too dull to cut yak butter, and the wood handle was starting to splinter in some places. Gobber took the axe and inspected the head. He ran his finger over the chip in the blade that had been there for nearly a year now. He suggested when it happened that she let him make her a new one, but she declined, saying she was too used to this one to bother changing to a new one.

Gobber turned back to the blonde viking girl. "Well, I guess I'll sharpen it up and replace the handle. You know, unless ya want me to make ya a -"

"No." Astrid firmly cut him off. "I told you, unless it's damaged beyond all hope, I'm not replacing this one."

Gobber sighed and gave a small shrug before turning to get to work on the axe. Astrid knew this repair would take a little longer than

usual, but decided to wait in the forge anyway, mostly for lack of anywhere better to go. She walked along the wall of completed weapons, only paying half-attention to what she was looking at. Her mind was already skipping ahead to plan her next training session. She leaned back against a table near the back of the forge and let her mind wander. She was only there for half a minute at most before something caught her eye. She looked to her right, where the movement came from. She saw that a door in the back of the forge was slightly open, and through the crack between it and the wall, she saw him.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was in the back room, fiddling with some pile of wood and metal. Upon closer inspection, Astrid noticed it looked like some wooden box on wheels, with a curved wood covering that would open and close to reveal or conceal some sort of metal contraption. Astrid rolled her eyes as she realized Hiccup was working on a new invention of his, not looking forward to its reveal when it would probably destroy something or hurt someone. She wasn't exactly fond of the young viking, who seemed to always mess something up whenever he tried to lend a hand. She wished he would stop putting so much reliance on his inventions, and would just put in the time and effort to train like everyone else. Building complex mechanisms wasn't going to help the heir of Berk better himself in the areas where he was lacking. Astrid knew he was small, and she knew he was weak. She also knew that there was still time for him grow, and that weakness can be overcome by training to be strong. Hiccup didn't seem to see things this way though, leaving the two teens as total opposites who couldn't understand each other to save their lives. Astrid would admit one thing about the boy however...he was definitely smart. Most of the contraptions he'd construct were so thought out that she never even bothered to try and figure out how they worked. But in Berk, just being smart wasn't enough. A great mind can control a battle from the sidelines, but a great viking could control one from the front line. That was what Berk needed, and luckily enough, it was what they currently had in Stoick. She'd never say it out loud, and didn't even like thinking it too much, but Hiccup had a greater mind than his father. If only he'd try and change the rest of himself.

Astrid was pulled from her thoughts as she noticed Gobber had set down the axe and was now at the front of the forge. She went to take one last glance at Hiccup, but he wasn't in sight anymore. She shook her head and walked over beside Gobber. Just before she reached him, she noticed what captured his attention. There was a group of vikings standing outside the forge, crowded around two men who had something laid in front of them. Chief Stoick was standing opposite them, and Astrid concentrated on what he was saying.

"- in Thor's name is going on? You two, what is this?" The Chief demanded, pointing to the pile of wet cloth they had placed in front of them. The viking on the left reached down and pulled aside some of the cloth, and what was revealed made the bystanders gasp in shock.

Wrapped in the cloth, was the body of a young man. He looked to be only slightly older than Astrid herself. He was soaked through, and displayed a crescent-shaped cut above his left eyebrow.

"We found him drifting towards Berk sir. He was floating on what seemed to be, uh, a part of a ship I guess...as if it had been

destroyed." The viking who moved the cloth explained to the Chief, who was currently staring at the body. The viking continued, "he's still alive sir...what should we do with him?"

The Chief thought for a brief moment before responding. "You saw nobody else? No sign of the ones who could have destroyed this ones ship?" He asked, still eyeing the boy carefully.

This time it was the other viking who responded. "There were no signs of anyone else sir. We can't even tell how long he had been drifting, let alone how far. There's a chance it was a safe distance from us. They may not even know Berk is here."

Stoick thought for another moment before telling the two vikings to bring the boy to the Great Hall. He explained that they would treat his injuries there, and wait for him to wake up. Once he was awake, he was to go no where until Stoick himself had questioned him about what had happened. The two vikings nodded in understanding and picked up the boy wrapped in cloth. They started up the steps to the Great Hall as the crowd that witnessed the short discussion slowly dispersed. Thoughts about the possibility of an attack filled their minds as they went back to their business, each eager to hear how this boy ended up here and why his ship was attacked.

Astrid watched with interest as the boy was carried up to the Great Hall. The possibility of a war had always been a threat, as it usually was for vikings, but it had never been this seemingly real before. All of a sudden, everything Astrid had trained herself to be seemed inadequate. She felt that even though she trained more than anyone, she still wasn't ready for a war. She had never even been in a real fight to be honest, and it was a lot different than training exercises. She shook the thought from her head as quickly as it came and turned back towards Gobber, who had continued working on her axe. If a war was to come to Berk, she would make sure she was ready.

So, that's chapter 2. The boy is now on Berk, and he's going to be face to face with Stoick as soon as he wakes up. What a way to wake up, huh? The village is rightfully worried about a war, as a ship was just destroyed somewhere of Berk's coast. Maybe they thought it was one of Berk's ships? Maybe they actually don't know Berk is there? But one thing is for sure, this chapter didn't tell you any of that...which means you need to wait until chapter 3 to even get an idea of what's to come, and probably an even later chapter to find out what actually is going to happen. Lucky you, eh? Anyway, once again feel free to let me know what you think, good or bad. Chapter 3 will be up soon enough. Thanks guys!

3. Clear Your Mind

**Late update, woohoo! I now finally understand why authors are always apologizing on here for updating late. I've been working more than usual the past week, and only had time to write very short bits at a time. Crappy, I know. So, anyway, this is the last introductory type chapter, so basically I have the story all set up now to start taking off. I appreciate the reviews I've gotten so far too, so thank you! I enjoy how early HiccupxAstrid was mentioned, and there's even one suggesting a Blade/Astrid/Hiccup love triangle. I'm not going to give any of my plans away though, other than saying I have it pretty

much worked out in my head how I want the relationships between all the characters to work. The focus isn't on mushy, stereotypical romance though. There will be struggles, heartbreak, and things you don't see coming. At least I hope you don't ;) **

Chapter 3

Clear Your Mind

The Hall was deadly quiet tonight. Only a select few were allowed entry while the unknown and still unconscious young man was present. Among these few were the elder, the head healer, Gobber, Spitelout, and of course, Stoick himself. Also included, much to his disdain, was Hiccup. Stoick had pretty well demanded that he be there, as he thought it would be beneficial for Hiccup to see how he handled these important situations. Hiccup just figured his father didn't want him messing anything up elsewhere and adding more stress to everyone on the island. It wasn't every day that Berk faced a potential threat, and even when they did, they didn't have to sit around and wait for that threat to wake up to find out what it actually was. This excludes the dragon raids, as they were more of a certainty than a threat. Even if this was extremely important, Hiccup really didn't want to be here. Not only did it take away time from assembling his bola shot, but it was really awkward just waiting for this person to wake up. The healer and the village elder had already looked him over, and tended to his wounds enough to help heal them. Now he was laying on a table in the corner of the Hall while everyone was just waiting around for him to wake up. It only added to the awkwardness that nobody had said a word since the healer finished her work, with the few people there splitting in to their own very tiny groups at different tables. The table closest to the stranger was occupied by Stoick, Spitelout, and Gobber, while the table about two feet further away held the elder and the healer. Hiccup was off by himself, by force of habit at this point. He had picked a table near the middle of the Hall, about as far away as he could get without his father getting angry. He had his book on the table, which he was smart enough to have grabbed when Gobber retrieved him from the back room of the forge. He was currently trying to come up with a new design for something, but his mind refused to wander far enough to find something new and exciting. The tension in the room astounded him, and he honestly wished the stupid guy would just wake up, apologize for the misunderstanding, and leave Berk to go back to its...Berkness. It hadn't even reached the late afternoon yet, and Hiccup really wanted to finish his bola shot in case there was a raid tonight. It was just sitting in the back room of the forge, an hour or so of work away from being complete. But of course nothing ever comes up Hiccup, so here he is. He looked over to where the young man lay on a table. He figured he was about sixteen years old, only two years older than Hiccup himself. The kid was wearing mostly black. Black pants that seemed a bit baggier than anyone on Berk ever wore, and a black long sleeve shirt with what looked like leather armor over top of it. He wore no fur, which was odd for someone around here. Not that fur was the style choice of the year, it's just that it got extremely cold, and fur was about the warmest clothing item you could wear. Among the leather items he wore, there were wraps around both his forearms. Both wraps had one piece of leather go down the back of his hand to wrap around his middle finger like a ring. They both also had sheathes for daggers, which were empty now thanks to Stoick having all weapons removed from the young man. Hiccup inspected the wraps with interest. The sheathes were definitely

useful, as it gave easy access to his weapons. And really, they just looked amazingly awesome. He especially liked how they extended down his hand to wrap around his finger...that was currently twitching.

"Uh, um, dad?" Hiccup stuttered as he nervously looked between Stoick and the strangers moving finger. "I uh, I think he's waking up..." Hiccup pointed to the table with a slightly shaking finger.

Stoick whipped around and noticed the movement too. He pulled out his hammer and motioned for Gobber and Spitelout to follow him. They advanced towards the table cautiously, eyes locked on the potentially dangerous person currently waking up. They made it to the table and looked down at him. There was no more movement. Not a motion of his hands, not even a twitch of his eye. Stoick looked him over one last time and turned around.

"Looks like a false alarm, he's still out." The Chief said, lowering his hammer. He went to walk back to the table along with Gobber and Spitelout, but before he even finished his first step, he heard an unexpected sound. The sound of a blade sliding out of its cover. Before the three men could even turn around, they were disarmed. Stoick's hammer was laying on the floor, Gobber's weapon attachment hand had been knocked off, and Spitelout's sword was in the hand of the young man who was laying on the table only mere seconds ago. Everyone in the Hall was shocked at what they just witnessed. They were still trying to process what just happened when they heard the stranger speak for the first time.

"What happened to me?"

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><p>Impatient didn't even begin to describe how Astrid felt right now. As if Berk didn't have enough problems with the dragons, now there was the lingering possibility of a war. She can't help but think that it would be less stressful if they didn't have to wait for that stupid boy to wake up. It might have even helped if she was at least allowed in the Hall to witness everything that happens. Hiccup got to go in, which she thought was the very definition of useless. The kid could barely hold a weapon other than a dagger. She heard that he had some skill with a bow, but that never helps on Berk since dragons scales can prevent an arrow from piercing deep enough to do anything. If something goes wrong in there, Hiccup is the last person you want to have your back. Plus, if something went wrong, there's a good chance he could die. He's definitely the easiest target other than the elder, and he's the heir of Berk. If he was to die, the village would have to appoint another heir, leaving Stoick with no direct successor and probably broken and depressed on top of that. Not exactly the state of mind the chief of a village should be, especially since a war would follow and he wouldn't be able to see things clearly through that thick cloud of vengeance. Astrid just thought were too many things that could go wrong with Hiccup being in there.<p>

She kicked a stone that was laying on the path at the bottom of the steps to the Great Hall. She watched it roll across the path, and then right past four pairs of boots that were walking in her direction. She glanced up to see the approaching viking faces, and let out a little sigh as she saw it was the rest of her fire control

group. Their eyes were all locked on the doors of the Hall, as if they expected Stoick to burst out any moment and declare what they expected to hear. Snotlout was of course the first to tear his eyes away from the doors and lay them directly on Astrid.

"Hey Astrid, we're gonna go up to the Hall and find out what the heck is going on. Care to join us?" Snotlout said confidently, while the twins high fived behind him.

"Uh, well, they are. I'm just going to stay down here. It's less Chief-angering." Fishlegs admitted while rubbing his hands together nervously. "I'm just going to hope it's not a war and everything goes back to normal. Even though there's a 76 percent chance it is a war. I mean, the odds of something like this just happening by coincidence is a thousand to one and-"

"Hey, that's great, but nobody cares you dork." Ruffnut interrupted, rolling her eyes and turning away from the large viking.

"Anyway..." Snotlout said slowly, giving Fishlegs an awkward look before turning back to Astrid. "You in or not? It'll be great, nobody will even know we're there. And besides, he could be trouble, don't you want to know that?"

"Could be trouble? He IS trouble! Did you see the weapons that guy had? It was awesome!" Tuffnut cut in, obviously not comprehending the situation. To anyone who didn't know him, it might be surprising. Too bad everyone on Berk knew him.

Astrid stared at the group for a moment. They were serious. They were actually going to go and eavesdrop on the Chief. Astrid took a second to let it sink in and be accepted, mainly so she didn't start yelling at them in the middle of the village.

"Let me get this straight...you guys are going to sneak up to the Great Hall, where Stoick has demanded that only those he allows may go, and you're going to eavesdrop on him?"

"Pretty great, huh?" Snotlout smirked and crossed his arms.

Astrid couldn't believe it. He actually thought this was a good idea. If Stoick caught them up there, only the Gods know what would happen to them.

"Well, considering it's the stupidest idea I've ever heard, by a long shot, I'm gonna pass on this one. You should probably think about doing the same." Astrid finally responded to Snotlout.

"Whatever babe." Snotlout said as he walked by her. "You're too scared to break the rules, even if it's for the better. I understand. Don't worry though, I can fill you in on it all if you come to my place after." Snotlout winked.

Astrid stood for a moment, staring at the trio as they went around to sneak up to the Hall, with an outrageously dumbfounded look on her face. She shook her head in disbelief as she turned to walk away, not understanding how they could be so stupid. This is why she was the most promising teen, she was a fighter with a brain.

She started walking back to her house, lazily swinging her axe. She

knew she wouldn't be able to do anything with this whole situation on her mind, and Snotlout's plan just made her angry to think about. So she decided that spending some time with her mother would let her calm her mind a little bit. She'd miss her training, but she'd make up for it later, even though she'd end up losing some sleep. When she thinks about it, she'd probably have difficulty sleeping tonight anyway, so it's no real loss.

In a short time she arrived at her house. She put her hand on the door, but before she opened it, she took one last look behind her. Only the top half of the Great Hall was visible between the houses, and she let her mind wander over all of the possibilities for just a minute longer before entering her house. She really needed to clear her mind.

* * *

><p>Waking up in a strange place is bad enough, but try waking up in a strange place and not knowing who you are. The boy imagines it's what being born is like. Opening your eyes to a world you know nothing about, looking through the eyes of someone you don't even know. And it only made it worse that he feels like he should know. Everything has a very familiar feeling, but he just can't figure out why or how. It's like when you know someones name, and it's on the tip of your tongue but you just can't put your finger on it. Except in this situation it's more than a name, it's his entire life.<p>

He opened his eyes slightly as a deep voice reached his ears. He felt like he hadn't slept in days and was just rudely awoken after only a short time. He was groggy, but he managed to notice three people, all armed, in the middle of turning their backs to him. He had no idea what was going on, but it didn't feel comfortable. He went to move his arm, and to his surprise, the movement caused a dagger-sized blade to slide out from his forearm wrap. Instinct took over at that moment, and before he knew what he had done, he was standing in front of the three men. The surprising part was that they were now disarmed, and he was holding a sword that belonged to one of them just a short moment ago.

He wasn't expecting this at all. He doesn't even know where that came from, it just sort of took control of him. He glances down at his wrist and sees the blade still protruding from his leather wrap. He flicks his wrist, but nothing happens. He then notices that the wrap extends down to his ring finger, and tries it again, this time moving his finger as well. The leather pulled, and the blade slid back in to its hiding spot. He decided right then that if he gets out of this, he's definitely taking a closer look at this contraption.

He looks back up at the people in the large room with him. They all looked even more stunned than he was at what he'd just done. He doesn't recognize any of their faces. He doesn't recognize the room he's in. And he doesn't even recognize his own voice when he finally speaks.

"What happened to me?"

* * *

><p>Hiccup has never been so terrified in all his life. He'd be hiding under the table or running for the doors if he wasn't so

shocked at what he'd just witnessed. In what must have only been two moves, this stranger, who was just unconscious, managed to disarm three of the greatest fighters on Berk. That wasn't even the scariest part to Hiccup. The scariest part was that he doesn't look like he believes what he just did either. In fact, he looks even more scared than the rest of them. And when someone who doesn't know their own ability gets scared and threatened, it could make a series of very dangerous events.<p>

Hiccup tried to regain his focus once again, and he noticed his father was speaking to the boy. As he was finally able to fully concentrate on what was going on, he realized that they were actually yelling back and forth. Hiccup listened as best as he could, and managed to make out what was going on.

Stoick was demanding that the young man explain everything. He wanted to know why he was sailing so close to Berk, who attacked him, where he came from, who sent him, and any other interrogating question he could think of. He heard the frustration in his fathers voice grow by the second, while he noticed the young mans voice grow more panicked at the same rate. The only answer Hiccup heard the boy give was 'I don't know', and Stoick wasn't buying any of it. Hiccup looked carefully at the boy, studying his eyes as they shifted from Stoick to various parts of room at a rate that really should have made him dizzy. Hiccup couldn't help feeling like this boy was telling the truth, and when he saw him start shaking like he was naked in the snow, he let the feeling take over.

"He's telling the truth!" Hiccup yelled across the Hall, the sound bouncing off of the walls of the huge room.

The three men took a step back to look at Hiccup in surprise. The boy was now frozen in place, staring at Hiccup with piercing blue eyes that hinted the smallest bit of hope among all the fear. Stoick glanced back at the boy for a second before turning around again and taking a step towards Hiccup.

"Hiccup, this is what they do! They pretend that they don't know anything to keep their allies safe! They're lies! Nothing more!" The Chief yelled. He couldn't understand how his son had fallen for the tricks of the enemy. This was something he needed to understand if he was to ever become Chief.

"No, dad, he's not lying. Look at him! He has no idea where he is or what's going on!" Hiccup bravely yelled back as he hesitantly moved towards the boy. He looked him dead in the eyes. "You don't remember anything...do you?"

The boy stood looking at Hiccup for a moment before dropping the sword on the ground with a reverberating clang. The hall was silent for what seemed like ages, everyone's eyes fixed on the boy who was now staring down at the ground. It felt like the world around them was suspended, awaiting a response from the mysterious new person. And then it finally came.

"No...I don't...I don't know who I am or what's going on or where..." The boy trailed off, still looking at the ground. After a short moment, he moved his eyes to look with Stoick's. "I take it I'm not from around here though, am I?"

Stoick stared back for a few moments. This was a lot to consider. Believing that the boy really didn't remember anything could be a real danger to the village. But at the same time, his son had a point. This boy really seemed to be telling the truth.

"You will remain here until a proper action is decided." Stoick said to the boy before turning and walking towards the doors. After all that just happened, the Chief really needed to clear his mind. Before he left he called back, "Spitelout, you watch that boy until I return. He is not to leave. Grab him some food and drink, Thor knows how long he was out." Then he was gone.

Hiccup took one more moment to study the boy before he went to follow his dad. He was just about to turn around when something caught his eye.

"Blade." Hiccup said out loud.

Everyone turned to look at him. The boy slowly brought his eyes up to meet Hiccups once again.

"I uh...I'm sorry?" The young man asked, confused at the random word.

"You're left forearm wrap. It says Blade." Hiccup explained.

The boy looked down at his left arm and sure enough, the word Blade was fancily displayed in the leather.

"Oh...so it does." He responded after a few seconds.

"Well...I uh...I guess we'll call you that for now then." Hiccup said awkwardly before leaving the hall.

The boy stared at the doors for a short time after Hiccup left, before sitting down at the table he was laying on not even ten minutes ago.

_ Blade. _He thought to himself. _I guess that works. _

Well, I've got Blade introduced. The story is set up the way I want it to be, and Chapter 4 will officially start the adventure. And it will be updated much sooner than this Chapter was, I'm really sorry it took this long. My schedule is back to normal again though, so don't worry guys, I got 'dis.

4. Everything Changes

That demand for romance though! Don't you guys worry your pretty little faces, there will be relationships in this story. It wouldn't be a proper HTTYD story without them, right? I'm just not going to tell you when they happen or who they're with. I have a plan for how I want the relationships between certain characters to be, and hopefully you end up finding it as interesting as I do. Thanks for the reviews as well, I enjoy reading them and seeing your opinions and what you'd like to see happen :) Even though what you would like to see happen, may not be what actually happens, I just really enjoy seeing where you predict the story is going to go.

Chapter 4

Everything Changes

Hiccup stood outside the Great Hall, the scene that just took place repeatedly playing in his head. That was the bravest thing he's ever done. He spoke against his father. His father, the _Chief. _That was about as out of character as he's ever been, and he can't help think that it may be why his dad listened to him. Usually when Hiccup voiced an opinion, it was shrugged off by his father for being too unorthodox. But this time...this time he _listened. _Hiccup isn't sure if he should be happy about it, or be depressed that it's even a reason to be happy. He quickly decides not to dwell on it, and changes the focus of his mind to the boy he just defended. Blade. Blade the total stranger who washed up on Berk with no memory of anything and beat three of Berks top fighters in two seconds. Granted, they weren't exactly prepared for him to spring up at that particular moment, but it was still the most impressive thing he's ever seen. And that dagger. That dagger was _in _his forearm wrap. A hidden blade that nobody would ever expect. It seemingly slides in and out at the boys command. Hiccup almost made up his mind to ask the boy if he made it sometime, but he throws the idea away, remembering that he probably wouldn't remember.

Speaking of that particular feature of Blade, that was going to be a real problem. If he can't remember anything, then he can't tell them where he came from. He can't tell them what happened to make him wash up on Berk. And now that Hiccup thinks about it, he won't be able to explain the hidden blade. It was definitely cool, but Hiccup realized it greatly resembled something an assassin would likely use. And if Blade was an assassin, it would be assumed that he was here to kill the Chief and then bring in whoever sent him to take over the island. It wasn't an uncommon thing actually, though it mostly took place on islands far away from Berk. Hiccup decided not to dwell on the situation any longer, and instead decided to return to the forge to finish his invention. He figured if there were any raids, that he would just test it out secretly rather than revealing it right away. What with this whole Blade situation, it would be brushed off even if it worked perfectly. He arrived at the forge just as Gobber was leaving, and after an exchange of 'goodnight nods', he proceeded back to his work room. He walked to the back corner of the room, pulling out his invention from under the cloth and leather scraps he had hidden it under. All that was left to do on it was to finish the slingshot, which was the most important part as it would sling the bola wherever the contraption was aimed. Well, hopefully. Hiccup got to work completing his invention, and then spent a lengthy amount of time adjusting everything he thought was a little bit off. With the invention finished, he tucked it back under the scrap material, and rolled it back in to the corner of the room. It wasn't the greatest hiding spot, but on the rare occasions that someone actually entered his little room, they weren't there to observe anything. Hiccup cleaned the mess that was left over, which consisted of wood pieces for the most part. He took one last look over to his latest potential triumph, just sitting in the corner, and hoped to the Gods that it would be the one to succeed. The one to make the village see him as something greater than a disappointment. The one to make his life infinitely better. The one to get him the girl. Not that he was all that hopeful about the last one. Sure, he had a crush, but even if he gained some positive status in the village it still wouldn't make a difference. Why he couldn't set his sights a little lower was beyond

him. He just had to fall for the toughest, most beautiful, and most perfect viking girl in the whole village. They haven't even had a conversation in something like ten years, and four year old children don't tend to have very engaging ones at that. Not to mention she was most likely with the rest of the village when it came to opinions about himself. Hiccup hoped that one day, he would be able to change her mind, mostly because he couldn't convince himself not to. He would never expect it to happen though. She'll end up with Snotlout or some other strong viking man, which Hiccup would never be. All Hiccup could ask for at this point was a little positive recognition, just enough to make him accepted in the village. He wouldn't even really mind if he didn't become Chief, as long as he was accepted as a common villager he would be happy.

Hiccup was distracted from his thoughts as he noticed he was ten feet from his front door. He pushed all his thoughts to the back of his head and walked in the house, immediately rushing up the stairs as quietly as possible. He walked over to the desk against the wall in his room and placed his dagger from his vest down. He then went to his bed, and placed his journal under his pillow. He kept it there while he slept, as he was a light sleeper and nobody would grab it without him noticing. Hiccup then crawled in to bed, pulling his covers to his shoulders and turning to his side. He stayed awake for a while, waiting to hear the villagers yelling warnings of a raid. When he was too tired to keep his eyes open any longer, Hiccup let sleep win him over. If he had stayed awake a few minutes longer, he'd have finally heard those first calls of a dragon raid.

* * *

><p>Blade stared at a painting on the wall. It wasn't actually very interesting, just some beefy kid and presumably his father painted on a shield. There was a line of them across the wall, but he only stared at one. He didn't want to shift his eyes around too much, for fear that the large man with the death grip on his sword would think he was scouting the place for an escape plan. It had been like this for well over two hours, with Blade sitting on the same table he woke up on, and the man who he figured was the Chief's number two sitting on a table fifteen feet away. Five more guards had also come to stand in front of the door shortly after the Chief left. Of course, they were all staring at him too, so that didn't help the awkwardness at all. Finally, Blade had enough of the tense silence. He turned his head and looked directly in to the eyes of the man across from him. Apparently his little scene from before had caused everyone to be wary of him, because as soon as he moved, everyone raised their weapons towards him in warning. Blade tried his best to brush off the threatening move, even though it made him very uneasy. He knows what he did before was incredible, but what if he just got lucky? He doesn't remember if he can fight or not. Besides, all he has a weapon right now is this concealed blade that he isn't even sure how to operate properly. He's surprised they didn't bother to take it away actually.<p>

"You never told me what happened to me." Blade broke the silence, eyes still locked with Spitelout's own.

"I'm still not convinced that you don't know yourself." Spitelout retorted, attempting to keep an expressionless face. Despite his best efforts, his eyelids still twitched a little.

Blade noticed the slight movement, and determined that this man was indeed afraid of him. How he could draw such a conclusion from a subtle movement that most wouldn't even have noticed was beyond him. So far learning who he is has been full of surprises, and he doesn't even know his real name yet.

"It's a hard story to believe I suppose. It doesn't help me any that all I have is my word. I'm not sure how else I could prove it to you." Blade scoffed, not knowing what or who exactly to be annoyed at. He decided that he'll just be annoyed at everything for now. Then, a question came to mind, and he leaned forward slightly. "Let's, for the sake of example, say that I'm lying about losing my memory. Just like you seem to think I am. What do you think I'm here to do?" Blade wasn't sure if it was a question he should ask, but he wanted to at least know what kind of position he was in since he didn't know anything else. Come to think of it, he didn't even know what this place was called.

Spitelout stared hard at the boy in front of him, confidence growing slightly. "Assassinate our Chief." He said in a threatening voice, which unfortunately told Blade that he was in the worst position possible with these people.

"That's uh...that's quite an accusation. What makes you think I'm an assassin?" Blade raised his eyebrow slightly with interest. He already knows he's in a bad spot, so he might as well prod for as much information as he can. He doesn't want to go too far though, as they might catch on to what he's doing. That wouldn't bode well for him convincing them that he's really not planning on killing anyone.

Spitelout gave a sarcastic smirk before answering. "What is there to make me think you're not an assassin? Look at you!" He gestured towards Blade as he continued, "You're built for speed, you have obvious combat skill, you're dressed for stealth, and you're trying to convince us to believe some far-fetched story to make us trust you."

Blade maintained eye contact with the man, though it was exceptionally difficult. The man just tore him apart. Everything he said appeared to be true, other than his story being a lie, but even he can't deny that it's hard to believe he just doesn't remember anything. His mind was racing a mile a minute, trying to find something, anything, to climb out of this hole he found himself in.

"And let's not forget that little toy you have on your wrist there." Spitelout said in a dark voice, pointing to Blade's right wrist. The wrist that carried the concealed dagger that bested him before he even knew what happened. "If that's not an assassins weapon, then I don't know what is."

This was the clincher. Blade broke eye contact to look down at his wrist, where the weapon hid. They had all of this apparent evidence against him, and he had nothing to prove differently. Even if he was an assassin, he doesn't remember. He may have very well been sent to kill the Chief of this place, but how would he know? Whoever he was before isn't here right now, but Blade is feeling the consequences of whatever he had done.

"I've tried to find a reason to trust you, boy. Believe me. But everything points to you being a threat to Berk. Whatever our Chief decides to do with you, it will be final." Spitelout continued. He too looked away, and started inspecting his sword. Anything to not have to look in to those piercing blue eyes of the stranger across from him again.

Blade was almost too lost in his own thoughts to notice that the man had slipped up. Berk. He figured that must be the island he was on. It wasn't much to go on, as he obviously couldn't try to remember if he knew anything of Berk. The fact that it was island was still just an assumption, really. He had noticed that his clothes were damp, meaning he must have been in the water at some point, which meant he was probably on an island. Blade felt like his head was going to explode with all of these thoughts bouncing around, until they were interrupted by a large viking man barrelling through the doors of the Great Hall. Everyone, including Blade, turned to the man as he picked himself off of the floor.

"Dragon raid! Biggest one in months! GET OUT THERE!" The man yelled, looking around at Spitelout and the five guards at the door. He apparently didn't notice Blade though, as he didn't even look at him before he picked up his weapon and rushed back out.

Spitelout turned to the guards and signalled for them to go and join the fight. Blade decided that this was his chance to escape, and as soon as the guards were out of the door an Spitelout turned back around, Blade was there to take him by surprise. He knocked the sword from his hand in to the air, ran up the table, grabbed the sword, and spun around to bring the hilt down on the mans head. Spitelout fell to the ground unconscious.

Blade ran outside, sword still in hand. He needed to find a way off of this island. He decided to try and make a run for the docks to try and steal a boat. He had no idea where he'd try to go, but right now he really needed to get off of this island. He was about to begin running when he saw a giant, winged creature swoop over the village, setting fire to a house and grabbing up a sheep. Blade stood in awe of the creature. He had no idea if he'd ever seen a dragon before. Blade shook his head to clear his thoughts, and began to run through the chaotic village. He located the docks, realizing he was about halfway there, when suddenly he heard someone shouting. He glanced over, flinching as a fireball explodes somewhere behind him. He froze as he realized it was one of the five guards from the hall, shouting that he was escaping. Blade turned his head slightly to see who he was shouting to, and his face paled as he realized the Chief had caught sight of him, and was quickly approaching him. Blade was frozen in place for a moment until he snapped out of it and began to run. He ran towards the trees, hoping to lose them, and ended up coming to a small clearing before the edge of a cliff. With nowhere else to go, he quickly ducked behind a large bush to hide. He remained there for a few minutes, listening for the villagers chasing him. He was just starting to think they were distracted and that he should start running again, when he saw him.

The young boy who was present when Blade woke up was standing at the edge of the cliff, holding on to some strange contraption in front of him. Blade was overtaken with curiosity as he leaned in a little closer to see what the boy was doing. Suddenly, the contraption fired something in to the air, sending the boy flying backwards. His eyes

followed what looked like two metal balls on each side of a rope as it flew in to the sky...until it hit something. With a shriek, a dark black dragon, nearly invisible against the night sky, fell from the sky to the far point of the island. Blade turned back to the boy, and was startled to see a giant red and black dragon starting to chase him. It stepped on the contraption that he had taken the black dragon down with, totally destroying it. The boy started running towards the village, the dragon chasing closely behind. Blade then noticed the Chief, who turned to see the boy, and turned to chase after him with an annoyed sigh. Blade saw this as his chance to make a break for it. Just as he was about to start running, he glanced back at the burning village. He had no idea what made him do it, but suddenly he was running back to the village.

Blade ran to where he thought he saw the boy go, and sure enough, there he was getting saved by the Chief. Blade paused for a second, seeing that the Chief had everything under control. Then he noticed that there were two more dragons coming up behind the Chief that he didn't notice. Blade hesitated only a moment before instinct took over and he sprung in to action. He ran as fast as he could, running up a stack of crates and jumping through the air towards the two dragons. He brought the sword down on the first dragons teeth as it went to bite the Chief, and parried and dodged the claws of the second one. The first dragon flew away, in pain after having a few teeth damaged. The second dragon still tried to fight, attacking Blade with it's claws. Some other vikings ran over and managed to take the beast down. The dragon was still able to push them off however, but before it could get back up, Blade had the sword to it's neck. The Chief had finished fighting off his dragon, and had turned around to see who it was that saved him. He was shocked to see the young boy fighting the dragons, and now holding a sword to the neck of one of them. But that didn't shock him nearly as much as what happened next.

"Get out of here." Blade said in a serious tone to the dragon. The dragon whimpered slightly before clumsily and hurriedly getting up and flying away.

The village stood in awe as the boy dropped the sword and turned around. The raid was over, with Hiccups distraction allowing the dragons to steal most of the sheep and yak. They all stood around, even the teens who should have been dousing fires, staring at the stranger who just let a dragon go. They all shrunk back when the Chief started to approach the boy. Blade looked up in to his eyes, refusing to show any sign of fear. He just saved the life of a Chief, that had to mean something. Still, he couldn't help but feel intimidated by the mountain of a man now standing over him.

"Nobody, who knows anything, would ever let a dragon get away." The Chief said in an angry, threatening voice. He looked the boy over one more time before his expression suddenly changed from angry to confused. "You...really _can't _remember anything, can you?"

****Whoa, is Stoick really going to believe Blade? Is Hiccup going to finally get noticed for taking down a dragon? Is Spitelout going to be grumpy about the massive headache he's going to have? These are all valid questions, sure to be answered in due time. ****

****So basically, just showing how Blade isn't a fearless warrior right now, and that he's actually quite scared. I'm sure you would be too**

if you woke up like he did. He saved the Chiefs life though, which is exactly the opposite of what they thought he'd do. He also let a dragon go, which may convince Stoick that he really doesn't remember anything, as no person would ever let a dragon go if they knew the monsters that they were. Oh, and Hiccup hit a dragon, and Blade saw it. I wonder where that will lead next chapter...**

5. Decision To Trust

Alrighty, so my computer died and my new one took ages to get here. I thought I posted an update about it with my phone, but apparently it didn't upload and I neglected to check. So my sincerest apologies to anyone who was interested in this story and wanted an update. Now that my absolute beast of a computer is here and all set up, the story will continue as I had planned. No more giant delays (unless the gods hate me and this computer dies too...)

Chapter 5

The Decision To Trust

Blade once again found himself sitting in the Main Hall of this island called Berk, facing the large crowd that had gathered in front of where he sat. He was near the back of the building, with the crowd gathered from about ten feet in front of him all the way back to the doors. Both the crowd and himself were awaiting the Chiefs decision regarding the current situation. Stoick was standing a little ways behind Blade, talking along with Spitelout and Gobber about what the smartest decision would be. Blade had tried to listen in on the conversation initially, but had given up after he couldn't make out any of the words they spoke. He resigned to waiting patiently in his seat, trying his best to ignore the crowd that either kept giving him questionable glances or just straight up stared at him. It was clear to Blade that he had struck a chord with these people by letting that dragon live, though whether it was for better or for worse he could only guess. Chief Stoick had seemed to lessen his hostility towards Blade after the event, and by what he had said about someone who would let a dragon get away, the boy figured that the dragons were the enemy of this village. In a way, Blade was glad that he had ended up letting the dragon go. Sure, he had a few thoughts fly through his head about lopping its head off, what with all the damage it had caused, but in the end he decided that he just didn't know enough about the creatures to justify killing it. And apparently, that was the only thing he had going for him. He had thought over the situation while his fate was being decided a few feet behind him, and had realized that if he did remember anything, he would probably remember dragons. And, to the Chief of a village that gets attacked by dragons, anyone who remembers them would never let one go. Blade wasn't exactly sure why the dragons and vikings were at war, but whatever the reason, Blade's actions may have convinced the Chief that he was telling the truth about his memory loss.

Blade was brought out of his thoughts by the sound of footsteps approaching behind him. He wasn't sure why, but he noticed and reacted to small things like that very quickly. He decided he might just be a jumpy or paranoid person, and that's the reason almost every little thing gets his attention.

The footsteps grew louder until the hulking mass of Chief Stoick was

suddenly in front of Blade. Stoick was facing the boy with his back to the crowd of vikings, and his eyes bore down on the stranger. He stood there for a few moments, just staring. Until he spoke.

"You'd better be telling the truth, boy." The voice like thunder threatened, "or there will be hell to pay."

With that, Stoick turned to face the crowd. He surveyed his people quickly before he made his decision known to them.

"This boy has washed up on our shores, claiming to have lost his memory." Stoick started. People exchanged wary glances to each other in the crowd. Apparently that story didn't sit well with them either. Stoick continued, "Now I know that is a hard to believe story, and honestly, I didn't believe it myself. This boy carries not only assassin-like weapons, but has assassin-like skill when using them as well." Stoick gauged the crowd's reactions again. The questioning glances soon became stares of both question and fear. "All the facts pointed to this boy being an assassin, sent here to kill me." This time Stoick turned slightly to give Blade one last look. Their eyes met, and Blade knew his decision before the Chief even turned around to continue. "However, this boy saved my life. If he was sent here to kill me, then he would have just let me die. But even that isn't the deciding fact. As some of you saw, this boy let a dragon escape. Had him at sword's edge, and let him fly away. Now we all as vikings know what the dragons have done to us. They've killed hundreds of us! Not just on Berk, but everywhere. We've lost family, friends, children, elders, and that's all before the people who die of starvation after they take our food. So I know, and you know you do too, that anyone who lets a dragon go, can't possibly remember their past...because then they'd remember these beasts, too." Stoick finished, stepping aside to let the crowd see Blade once again.

The crowd stood silent. Not a single readable expression was found in the sea of faces, as the vikings had internal battles with themselves as to whether or not they accept where this was going. Chief Stoick was about to let a supposedly deadly stranger go. But as much as they wanted to object, they couldn't argue his point. The boy looked about sixteen years, he surely encountered dragons before. He surely lost someone to a dragon, or seen someone suffer by their flame. So...how could he let that dragon go if he remembered it all?

The crowd was snapped back to attention when Stoick's deep voice fell upon them again.

"This boy will remain on Berk until he is able to return home. Whether it be when he remembers, or when someone finds him." At the looks he received from the crowd, Stoick added, "Anyone who has a problem with this decision, is welcome to discuss it with me."

With those words the vikings looked away. They hesitated for a moment, some casting looks towards Blade, who was now being spoken to by the Chief. Eventually they all left the Hall to go about their business. The decision was made, but it would take longer for the acceptance of it to settle in.

Blade stood as the Chief began talking to him.

"The people will eventually come to terms with you being here, so long as you show you mean no harm. I'm putting a lot of trust in you

here, and if you break that trust, I'll personally make sure the next thing that breaks is your neck. You will stay with Gobber, who has volunteered to house you during your time here. He was also a big reason behind the decision to trust you. Because of this, you will be helping Gobber and his assistant at the forge. Any questions?" Stoick kept his expression firm as he spoke, giving the impression that he was being dead serious about everything.

Blade shook his head. "No sir, just a very sincere thank you."

"Don't thank me yet. But you should go thank Gobber. He's the one with the hook hand and the peg leg over there." Stoick said pointing in Gobbers direction. "He'll show you around the forge and then take you to where you'll be staying. And I'll let you know, he may have been on your side in the decision today, but if you try anything at all, he will not hesitate to bring you down."

"Understood sir. I will not break yours or Gobbers trust." Blade stated, staying as calm and serious as he could manage. He was trying to hide that he was intimidated beyond belief at this point.

Stoick nodded, "We'll see. Now then, go see Gobber, he's waiting for you. I'm sure he'll explain it to you, but I'll let you know now too. The other vikings will be very cautious of you. You've shown that you can be a dangerous fighter, and not knowing if they can trust you will scare them. Just take it slow, it'll work out in the end. Anyway, off you go." Stoick waved his hand, gesturing for Blade to proceed over to Gobber.

Blade turned and spotted the one with two artificial limbs, starting his approach to him. The amount of emotions he felt in this moment may outnumber even the amount of thoughts swirling through his head like the wind before winter. He was still trying to comprehend what all that was going on, as this all happened in such a short time and he was still miles beyond confused. He decided that for the rest of today, he would just go along with it until he had some more time to think. Or sleep. The raid and then this meeting had manage to stretch into the next morning, and Blade was exceptionally tired.

* * *

><p>The forge was this large building located just a little ways after the base of the stairs to the Hall. Blade didn't know if he had ever been in a forge before, which didn't give him much confidence that he'd be much help here aside from grabbing things here and there. Nothing about the large building felt familiar to him at all. All he knew about it was that it was where weapons were made and repaired, and that it was quite warm inside. The fires weren't even lit at the moment, which only meant that it would probably get very hot in here when they were.<p>

The large man named Gobber had given him a little tour of the place before letting him wander while he went to finish up something. Blade was examining the unfinished swords that were sitting on a table. The blades were shaped up nicely, but they had not yet been sharpened and were not inserted into hilts, but they were still interesting. That's another thing Blade had noticed during this short time of getting to know himself again...he was very intrigued by blades. He found it funny, in a kind of depressing sort of way, that he taken to going by

the name Blade as well. Of course it would only make sense that he's fascinated by bladed weapons as well. It was only those types of weapons too. When he looked at a hammer hanging on the forge wall, he was less than excited. It looked dull, really. It could just be because he isn't a very large person, unlike Chief Stoick, who can wield one of these heavy weapons with ease, but he felt like it was more than that. He remembered his short talk with Spitelout in the Hall before the raid, when he was described as being "built for speed". This made sense to Blade, and also explained why he preferred swords and daggers over hammers and maces. Swords were quick, smooth, and graceful. Hammers were slow, clunky, and blunt. It disturbed him how he knew he preferred lacerating more than blunt force trauma, but didn't even know his own name or homeland. Blade hoped it wasn't some sad hint to his true character.

Blade was startled out of his thoughts by the sound of something wooden hitting the floor, followed by some shuffling around and low mumbling. He turned to his left and noticed there was a thin doorway covered by cloth drapes, presumably leading to a back room. Blade slowly started to approach the doorway, when suddenly the drapes were swept aside, and that boy walked through.

"Dah!" The boy exclaimed, dropping the book he was carrying. Blade recognized him as the kid with the weird name, Hiccup. He was obviously startled by Blade's presence in the forge. He probably assumed it was empty. And even if someone was here, he probably never would have guessed it would be the mysterious teen who washed up on the shore less than twenty-four hours ago and already kicked more butt than Hiccup ever would. Hiccup picked up his book and nervously looked at Blade.

"What uh...what..are you doing here?" Hiccup stuttered out.

Blade was about to respond, when another voice cut him off.

"Aye, yer father has allowed this here boy to stay on Berk for a while. He'll be staying with me, and helping the two of us in the forge during his stay." Gobber explained. "The question is, what are you doing here? Did I not just walk you up that hill to yer house like yer father said? You know how mad he'll get if he finds you out and about again."

"I know, I know. I just...just uh...forgot my book here!" Hiccup tried, holding his book in plain sight so Gobber could see. "I didn't want to be all bored sitting at home, so I came to retrieve my book of ideas you all love so much." He continued sarcastically.

Gobber looked suspicious for a moment, but then his face lit up like he had an idea. Hiccup didn't typically like what things would follow Gobbers, 'idea look'.

"Ey, if you don't want to be all cooped up in yer house, then I'll give you a job!" Gobber started as if this was the greatest idea since armor that wasn't made out of sucky, useless cloth. "Why don't you take young Blade here and show him around a little more while I finish up here?"

"What? But I was-"

"No buts! It's the perfect solution." Gobber said before turning to

face Blade. "My house is just behind the forge. Be back no later than an hour after sundown. We'll consider this a trust exercise."

Blade wasn't about to argue, so when Hiccup sighed in defeat and motioned for Blade to follow, he did. When they got outside the forge and had walked for a little bit, Hiccup stopped.

"Uh, alright. So here's the plan. The village is boring, and uh...less than impressed with me right now. So, we are going to find that Night Fury I shot down last night. You probably don't believe me, just like the rest of the village, but I really did hit one. It was flying and I had a very clear shot and-"

"I saw it." Blade interrupted. When Hiccup gave him a confused look, he continued. "I saw you hit that dragon. Went down somewhere in that direction. It's probably as good as dead already with that thing wrapped around it, what's the point in finding it?"

Hiccup gave a bit of a laugh, "What's the point? I...it just-" Hiccup took a quick moment to gather himself. "Look, I'm not exactly the lord of popularity here. I'm scrawny, weak, and I tend to mess things up."

Blade was going to mention that he saw that too, but decided against it. He settled for letting out a quick, quiet laugh through his nose at the memory.

Hiccup didn't seem to have noticed as he continued. "But, if I can find that Night Fury, and bring it's heart to my father. I'll have everything. I'll be noticed, people will stop calling me useless. I'll actually have a place in this village..."

Blade noticed Hiccup had stopped looking at him and was instead looking past him towards the village, a sad expression on his face. He realized that this boy did not have a very good life here, despite being the Chiefs son. Blade had to admit, Hiccup was pretty small. However, Blade looked at himself, and decided that he wasn't very big either. Sure, he had muscle, and was quite strong, but that wasn't something that comes naturally. He assumed he probably had to work hard to look like he does, and if he hadn't, he probably wouldn't look much different than Hiccup other than the fact that he figured he was a bit older.

"Well then, what are waiting for? Let's find that dragon." Blade said.

* * *

><p>Three hours. For three hours Blade had been searching through the forests of Berk, trying to find the so-called 'Night Fury' with Hiccup. Hiccup was becoming increasingly frustrated at their lack of success, while Blade decided he would keep his opinions to himself. Hiccup had his nose in his book, crossing out the places they had checked on his map. He ended up just scribbling out the entire page and letting out a big sigh.<p>

"Ah the Gods hate me." Hiccup said, kicking aside a small stone. "Some people lose their knife or their mug...but not me, I manage to lose an entire dragon?"

Hiccup slapped a low branch out of his face in anger, not thinking about what would happen as a result. Just before the branch whipped back in to Hiccups face, Blade caught it. Hiccup stood dumbfounded for a second before stepping around the branch.

"Whoa, that was amazing! How did you react that fast? Are you like-"

Blade held his hand, up signalling Hiccup to stop talking. Hiccup looked at him confused, but then followed his gaze. He gasped at what he saw.

The ground and surrounding plant life had been pushed aside, as if something large had slide across the ground at high speed. The two teens looked at each other before following to where the impact trail ended. They glanced over a small hill, and both instantly shot back down below it.

"I uh...I think we found your dragon." Blade said, looking at Hiccup.

Hiccup didn't respond, but instead motioned for Blade to stay put, and proceeded toward the downed creature. Blade watched as Hiccup raised his dagger over the dragons heart...but he never brought it down. He just stood there, staring at the giant reptile. Suddenly, Hiccup was sawing at the roped wrapped around the dragon. Blade rushed over to his side, confused as to what Hiccup thought he was doing.

"Hiccup, what are you doing?"

"I'm freeing it." Hiccup said without looking up, shifting to cut another rope.

"What? Um, is that a good idea? From what I gather, letting a dragon go is basically a crime." Blade stated.

This time Hiccup glanced up quickly as he said, "Well, it worked out fine for you, didn't it?"

"That's different! I don't remember dragons Hiccup! You Do!" Blade was starting to get worried. He was literally just let out of Berk's death row and given a chance, and already he might be getting in serious trouble. This Hiccup guy really did have a knack for messing things up.

Before Hiccup could respond, the rope he was cutting snapped, and the dragon pinned both of the teens. It stared for a moment, making the two boys wish it would just finish them off already. It never did. Instead, it let out a deafening roar, causing both Blade and Hiccup to shrink further back in fear and pain from the intense sound. When the dragon finished its roar, it gave a final huff before turning and clumsily running away.

Blade and Hiccup got to their feet slowly. Blade stood looking in the direction the dragon went off in.

"I think it will be best if we keep this to ourselves." Blade finally said, bringing a hand to his still ringing ear. "Nobody needs to know this happened, and we both keep our skins. Agreed?"

Rather than the response he was waiting for, Blade heard a soft thump behind him. He turned to see that Hiccup had fainted, and was now face down in the dirt.

"Oh, ok. That's brilliant." Blade rolled his eyes. He had the feeling that his time on Berk would be far from boring.

6. Welcome to Dragon Training

****Well, my only excuse for the absence is that the indie game development studio I co-founded has started a new game (first of our games to have an international release to the public) of which I am lead story writer _and_ head programmer. And while I enjoyed creating the overall massive story for the game(s), returning to any other non-essential writing project would have proven counter-productive and honestly, too difficult. I tend to get caught up in my ideas so I try to focus on only one or two at a time to keep the quality up around where I'd like it to be. ****

****However, the story for the game(s) has been completed, and I've returned to previous projects, this one obviously included. I really do like this story idea, and I made sure to make notes of all my major ideas before we started work on the games so I could continue this at some point. If anyone reading this had followed the story before, I apologize for the absence and the fact that you'll probably have to re-read the previous chapters should you choose to follow this story again. I really do plan on completing this, more for my own sake than anything else. If I don't then I'll have the idea bouncing through my head until the end of time. So here we are, Chapter 6. Blade is just starting to integrate himself as a resident of Berk, starting with being the assistant trainer in dragon training. It also starts a set up for the relationships between Blade and the teens..mostly him and Hiccup in this chapter though.****

Chapter 6

Welcome to Dragon Training

Hiccup slowly opened his eyes, allowing them to adjust. It was dark. He must have just randomly awoken in the middle of the night. He does that sometimes. He laid there for a moment, until he suddenly remembered something. The Night Fury. It was on the ground, all tied up. He was ready to kill it, but he couldn't. He let it loose, and it had roared at him and then just...ran away. But, he didn't remember going to bed. Or coming home at all for that matter. And there...there was something else he's missing...

"Ahem."

Hiccup jumped at the sudden noise, sitting up and whipping around to look behind him. Turns out it was _someone_ else that he'd forgotten.

"I see you're finally awake. And it's only been just shy of forever, how great." Blade said sarcastically, obviously annoyed.

"What...what happened?" Hiccup asked, noticing just now that his head hurt and he was a little groggy still.

"Well, after we found that 'Night Fury' that you shot down, you went to kill it. Then, for whatever suicidal reason you might have, you decided to let it go. It jumped on both of us, nearly roared our brains out, and then bounded away in that direction. I was trying to tell you that we should keep this to ourselves, but I turned around and you had fainted. You've been out literally all day." Blade said, standing up and walking to pick up his leather armor that he had set aside.

Underneath the leather armor, he wore all black. His shirt wasn't all too similar to the one that Hiccup wore. It was actually quite different. On the front it had been cut down the middle. The left side of the cut had small metal spikes, while the right side had the same amount of little slits cut into it. The spikes would fit in the slits and become secured, holding the two sides together. Hiccup had never seen anything like it before, and decided to ask about it sometime after they had sorted out their current situation.

"All day?" Hiccup asked.

"Yep. The sun went down nearly an hour ago, which means I need to get back and find Gobber's house. But first, I need to know what you're going to do about this dragon thing. You let a dragon go, and from what your dad was saying, you could get in a ton of trouble. And I was right there with you, which means I would as well, and I can't have that happen." Blade explained as he strapped his armor back on.

"I uh...I'm not sure yet. We're obviously not going to tell anyone though, so don't worry." Hiccup said. Blade seemed to relax a bit at those words. "But I think it's still on the island, it didn't look like it could fly very well. I...I want to find it again." Hiccup looked at Blade.

"You want to- what? So you can not kill it again and almost get yourself killed? What good is that?" Blade asked incredulously.

"No, I just...It's a Night Fury. Blade, nobody has ever seen one before. They're always too fast and they're too dark to be seen against the night sky. We're the first two people to ever actually see one! I want to know more about it." Hiccup said, finally standing up off the ground.

Blade stayed looking at the ground for a moment. Hiccup noticed he looked like his father did when he was making a tough decision. He didn't understand what decision he was trying to make though, it's not like he asked for permission from this total stranger. He didn't even ask him to come with him. It had nothing to do with this new teen whatsoever. Then he heard him let out a slightly frustrated sigh.

"Well, then I'm coming back with you." Blade finally said. Hiccup was shocked.

"Um...alright. Why?" Hiccup asked. He wasn't complaining though, having someone who can handle a weapon come along with him would be

good. He felt worried for a second about the idea though, since Blade was a semi-suspected assassin who just showed up. But he felt better remembering the fact that he had just been passed out all day with nobody but Blade around, and he was fine. Blade even had to the sense not to take him back to the village, where they would either blame him, or figure out what was going on and they'd both be in for it.

"I don't remember dragons, Hiccup. I don't know why they attack, what they're like...I don't know anything about them. I want to actually have a clue about something again...so why not start with dragons?" Blade explained. Then a small smirk showed up on his face as he looked over at Hiccup. "Plus, we wouldn't want the dragon to eat you next time you faint, right?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "Ha ha, you're hilarious." Hiccup smirked back despite himself. He noticed that Blade used sarcasm nearly as much as he himself usually did, which was overall quite uncommon on Berk. A lot of people didn't appreciate or understand sarcasm. Everyone was just too serious.

"Well, I'm here all night." Blade responded, turning in the direction he's pretty sure the village is in. "Let's get back to your village. I have to be back very soon."

Hiccup and Blade walked back to the village in silence. They were both thinking things over, just trying to plan some things out. Turns out they both had a lot to think about after the past couple days.

* * *

><p>Blade arrived at Gobber's house just in time, walking through the door to find the large viking sitting in a huge chair by the fire.<p>

"Ah, I see you like to cut things close, boy" Gobber half-smiled when he saw Blade. "Another few minutes and I'd have been out there to hunt you down."

"Yeah, well...Hiccup doesn't go light on his tours." Blade lied. All he had ended up seeing was a vast amount of forest that looked exactly the same, and one little clearing where he had waited for Hiccup to wake up. Not to mention a Night Fury of course. He figured he'd have to give himself a tour of the village at some point.

"Oh no, he tries to go all out on everything." Gobber laughed, mostly to himself. "Did he show you the kill ring?" Gobber asked, glancing over to Blade now.

"Kill ring?" Blade shifted his eyes to the left a bit, avoiding Gobbers own. He didn't even know what a kill ring was. It definitely didn't sound like a place you'd want to take an 'assassin', like Blade.

"Uh...well, no, actually. He might have forgotten or just, you know, been uncomfortable taking a stranger there." Blade answered. He didn't really know enough about this Hiccup character to be making assumptions about him, but he hoped it was good enough to get him by in this situation.

"Aye, I didn't think he would. Guess it'll be a nice surprise tomorrow morning then." Gobber said, now giving Blade a smirk that made him feel a little uncomfortable about what he meant by _that._

Upon seeing Blade's nervous look, Gobber chuckled and continued, "oh don't worry, you aren't the kill ring event. You know...so far. But, you will be helping with it. The Chief and I have decided to assign you as assistant combat trainer for the dragon training class this year. Between that and working in my forge, you'll pay off your debt to us for not killing you."

Blade was a little wary of the idea, but only because he figured the people he'd be training won't trust him. He doesn't blame them, he's been on this island for the lesser part of a week, and a lot of people still think he's here to kill the Chief. However, this is also a good way to prove his innocence. He's good at fighting. He obviously doesn't remember how, but he just is. If he can teach the inhabitants of Berk to fight like him, how could they not see him as an ally? If he was an assassin, he'd literally just be making the job harder by training these people. This was a good idea. It'll be bumpy at first, but Blade was sure everything would work itself out nicely.

"So basically I'll be helping to train a class of vikings to fight? I can do that." Blade told Gobber, trying his best to appear as confident as possible. This was his big chance, he can't mess it up.

"You'll be teaching a small class of teens to fight dragons, is more like it. The class consists of Snotlout, Fishlegs, the twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut, Astrid, and as of tonight, the Chiefs son Hiccup. He'll need the most training, so you'll probably be spending most of your time with him. The only other one who might listen to you is Fishlegs, and he needs almost as much help as Hiccup. The boy is big, he just tries to use his brain more than his important muscles. The twins don't listen to anyone and Snotlout is too arrogant to think he isn't already better than you. And finally there's Astrid. You can try and help her if you want, but she probably won't take it and, honestly, doesn't really need it. She has to be the best, so once you show off your moves tomorrow, just your presence will cause her to train harder."

Blade soaked in all the information Gobber gave him. After he talked about the teens Blade would be helping to train, he went on to talk about different types of dragons and the procedures of the dragon training classes. When he was finished, he told Blade to be ready bright and early, and showed him his room. Blade had some trouble getting to sleep, as would be expected from a person in his particular situation, but eventually sleep overtook him and his scattered thoughts were interrupted in the dark, silent peace.

* * *

><p>"Welcome to Dragon Training."<p>

Blade watched from above the kill ring as Gobber lifted the gate and the teens walked inside. He's still surprised about how few of them there are. He's made the assumption that whilst fighting off dragon raids, the Vikings don't tend to focus much on raising families, so

there have just been less and less kids. He's not sure how accurate that it though, so he decided he'd keep his thoughts to himself for the time being.

Blade inspects each teen individually, using his subconscious ability to soak in information from the smallest of things. Astrid was first. She looked confident, to say the least. Her face showed nothing to betray any sign of fear, but it also showed no signs of excitement or anticipation. She might be able to fool everyone else into thinking she really wanted to be here, but Blade could see otherwise. She was here because she felt she needed to be. It was a responsibility, and she was going to give it her all, no matter what. Her motivation for it was still unknown to Blade though, and he decided it didn't really matter in the grand scheme of things, since she's already here. Like she said, no turning back.

Next were the twins and Snotlout. Right away Blade could tell that Snotlout was everything Gobber said he was. The twins were just following him, almost like they were members of some sort of Snotlout posse. Snotlout would make a remark, and they'd back it up either by laughing or adding to it.

Next was Fishlegs. By far the largest of the teens, yet he was visibly shaking when he entered the kill ring. While the other teens looked around to inspect the place, he jerked his head around like he expected a dragon to come from nowhere and attack. He could see potential in Fishlegs and his strength, he decided that Fishlegs just needed to see it as well.

And finally, Blade moved his eyes to focus on Hiccup. First thing he noticed, the kid really didn't want to be there. He didn't look scared like Fishlegs though. On the contrary, he was being about as sarcastic as Blade was the day before. He just sauntered in there with an axe too big for him looking like he didn't give a crap. He didn't even flinch when Snotlout and the twins threw discouraging comments his way. Hiccup was, overall, just annoyingly difficult to read.

Blade turned his attention to Gobber, who had started speaking again. Suddenly, the older Viking was grabbing a gate lever for one of the dragons. Blade couldn't believe this. This crazy man was about to let a dragon loose on the teens and just watch what happens. Blade was about to say something, but felt out of place. He resigned to just leaning on the bars of the kill ring and seeing where this was going to go.

The dragon came bursting out of it's cage, heading straight for the teens.

Blade watched from the sidelines as the teens fumbled about, while the dragon flew in every which way, not sure who to attack. He noticed the twins fighting, which ultimately got them eliminated. He saw Fishlegs forget about the dragon to eagerly answer a question that Gobber had asked, which had him also eliminated. Snotlout was staying annoyingly close to Astrid until she dove out of the way, leaving Snotlout to be eliminated by the Gronckle's shot. This left Astrid and Hiccup as the final two. Blade knew that Hiccup was only still there because he was hiding behind some form of cover up until now, trying to avoid the dragon altogether. Once again Astrid dove, and Hiccup's shield was hit by a fire ball. Blade watched as he

chased after it, remembering from Fishlegs answer that the dragon still had one shot left. The dragon backed Hiccup against the wall of the kill ring, and started charging up his final shot. Luckily for Hiccup, Gobber grabbed one of the dragons teeth with his hook hand, forcing the dragon to miss its shot. The dragon was thrown back into its cage, as the teens took a minute to try and catch their breath. This was clearly not how they expected this to go.

Gobber then said one last thing to the teens, seemingly more so to Hiccup than anyone else, before he looked up at Blade.

"So, what do you think you can do with 'em?" Gobber yelled up to him.

Blade didn't answer, but watched as the teens all looked up to where he was still leaning on the bars surrounding the ring. He watches as their faces went from confusion, to shock, to slightly angry, and back to confusion.

Gobber didn't pay any attention to the teens reaction as he told Blade to enter the kill ring with them. Blade simply grabbed a higher bar and used it to swing through the surrounding barricade, and landed in the ring with ease. If he was going to be teaching these teens, he might as well try to show that he's worth learning from.

"Whoa whoa whoa, hey. What's this guy doing here?" Snotlout spoke up, stepping forward.

"Yeah, isn't this the guy who's here to, like, kill Stoick?" The male twin, Tuffnut as Blade remembers, added.

"No, actually, this is the guy who washed up on Berk a few days ago with no memory of his past. And what he's doing here, is helping you little lily's learn to fight dragons. You all saw what he did to that Monstrous Nightmare that tried to attack Stoick. And you kids couldn't even handle that Gronckle!" Gobber yelled over to the teens.

Snotlout shifted his eyes for a moment, clearing thinking of something to say before he finally responded with, "well if he's so good, why don't you get him to fight the Gronckle?"

Gobber looked over to Blade. Blade looked from Gobber, to the teens, and then back, before shrugging in response. Gobber shrugged back, and simply told him to subdue the dragon, not kill it. They don't want to have to catch another one should this one die.

Blade took off his jacket, which of course was also black, and tossed it over by the rings entrance. With it gone, the teens got a good look at his leather armor. Snotlout decided to speak up again.

"Oh yeah, great armor you got there. That wouldn't even save you from a slow moving arrow!" He laughed, causing the twins to join in.

Blade thought about that for a moment. He knew Snotlout was right in that the leather could be pierced fairly easily, but obviously he didn't remember the reason as to why he wore it. But then he thought back to the skirmish in the Hall when he woke up. And then when he

saved Stoick from that dragon. His style was speed. Being that fast, he wasn't at much risk of being directly stabbed by anything, but a slash would be possible. However, a slash would also be much easier for the leather to protect him from. Blade looked over to Snotlout with a little smirk.

"Well, it wouldn't need to. Let's just say that for something to hit me, it must be moving very, very fast." Blade responded in an intentionally cocky manner. He wanted Snotlout to realize that he wasn't all he thought he was. He wanted to make it clear that he was better, so that Snotlout would want to work towards besting him. Blade decided that he doesn't really care who these kids are, or what they think of him. But if he's going to be stuck training them for the next little while, he's gonna make sure they come out ridiculously well trained. He didn't exactly know why, but he figured he was just some kind of training perfectionist or something. It made sense if he was, at least.

Gobber then hollered at the teens to exit the arena and watch from the viewing area. Once they were up there, Gobber pulled on the lever and let the Gronckle out again before quickly hobbling out of the arena and closing the gate. The Gronckle was a little slower to get out of the cage, wondering why it was being bothered twice in one day. The time since Gobber put it back was enough for it to gain all it's shots back though, so it was ready for another fight.

Blade stood across the arena from the dragon. Neither moved, just staring each other down. Blade thought he heard Tuffnut say something about not having a weapon, and a small smile tugged at his lips. Sure, he didn't think he'd be fighting today so he didn't bring any daggers or his sword...but he'd never go anywhere without his arm brace. The very same one that had the little blade waiting inside, ready to strike at the flick of his wrist. He had inspected his other arm brace in the Hall just before the raid had happened. Turned out it was supposed to have one as well but it was damaged when...whatever it was...happened to him.

Suddenly the dragon charged forward, tired of waiting. Blade watched it approach, not really sure of what he was going to do, but hoping something would come to him. The dragon fired a shot where he was standing, and Blade dove to the right. He rolled up to a shield, which he picked up, and tossed towards the dragon. The dragon fired a second shot, which ended up hitting the shield and exploding in front of its face. Blade used the momentary distraction to grab some rope that was laying on the arena floor. He rushed the dragon, and then flipped up over its head, swinging the rope under its bottom jaw as he did. He landed on the opposite side of the dragon, pulling it to the ground. He then jumped up on top of it, wrapped the ropes around its small wings, and flicked out his blade as he whipped around to hold it to the dragons throat. He remained like that until Gobber came back in to put the dragon back in its cage.

Blade watched as the cage door closed, and then turned around to see that all the teens were back in the ring, staring at him wide eyed.

Blade took a step forward and spoke, "So, you can call me Blade. I'll be assisting Gobber here in training you. Are there any questions?"

And that's when Snotlout stormed out of the arena.

End
file.